

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN

Featuring His Steeple Black Jack

OCT.
10¢
NO. 340



IN THIS ISSUE:
THE CHAMELEON KID!

"LOOK! made 'em ourselves"

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And it's easy! Have the fun of seeing your pictures reappear before your eyes. All you need is one of these Kodak Photolab Outfits. They give you everything you need to develop your film and make bright, sparkling prints. See them at your Kodak dealer's.



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The following advertising magazines are easily classified
at their rates by the week: A **WEEKLY PUBLICATION**

CARTOON ADVERTISING - **ROCKY LANE WESTERN** - **THE HORSE TRAIL** - **ADVENTURE PICTURE WEEKLY**
WIDE COMICS - **WESTERN WEEK** - **ROCKY LANE WESTERN** - **WORLD THIS WEEK** - **WEEKLY WESTERN**
CARTOON W. - **WEEKLY COMICS** - **THE HORSE WESTERN** - **WEEKLY HORSE WESTERN** - **WEEKLY COMICS**
CARTOON JR. WESTERN - **WEEKLY WESTERN** - **WEEKLY HORSES** - **WEEKLY HORSE COMICS** - **WEEKLY PICTURE COMICS** - **WEEKLY WESTERN**

Every effort is made to assure that these weekly magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Ed. & J. J. Jettner, Jr. President

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR



Rocky Lane

and

THE CHAMELEON KID

CHAPTER 1 - PRE-DEATH SETS A TRAP!



ON HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME, ROCKY LANE HAS CROSSED THE TRAIL OF MARTY AL WYATT GUNNISON---AND THROWN HIM TO RESPECT THE LAW---BUT NOW THE FIERCE SECRET MARSHAL FIGHTS AGAINST AND BECOMES WITH THE MOST DANGEROUS COMBINATIONS OF DEADLY THREAT. THE WORLD HAS NEVER KNOWN THE CHAMELEON KID!

IT'S ONE NIGHT, SECRET
POLICE... ROCKY LANE RACES
THROUGH THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY...

PATTEE, BLACK JACK! I
WANT TO GET TO
CREEKORN TERRITORY,
THAT'S WHERE THE
CENTER OF ALL THE
TROUBLE THAT'S BEEN
REPORTED IN THIS
AREA!

HAI! THERE'S A FIRE DOWN
THAT DRAKE! THAT'S A
STRANGE SPOT FOR A CAMP
WITH CREEKORN IN THE CLOUDS!

A MIGHTY ROUGH-LOOKING RUGGED
COLD MOUNTAIN, AND I'D SAY HE'S
ONE OF THE WORST MOUNTAINS
IN THE TERRITORY! NO MATTER!
CREEK OR THIN!



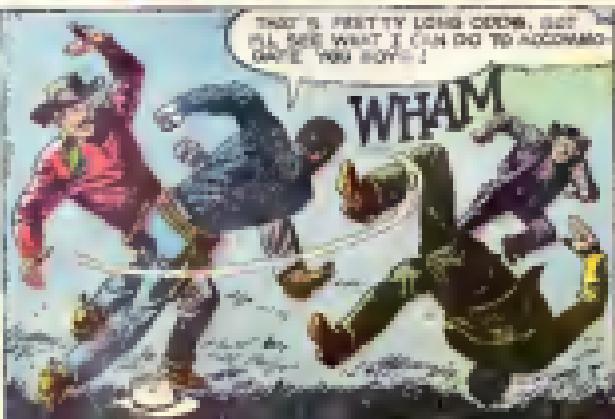
ROCKY STEPS INTO THE FREIGHT...

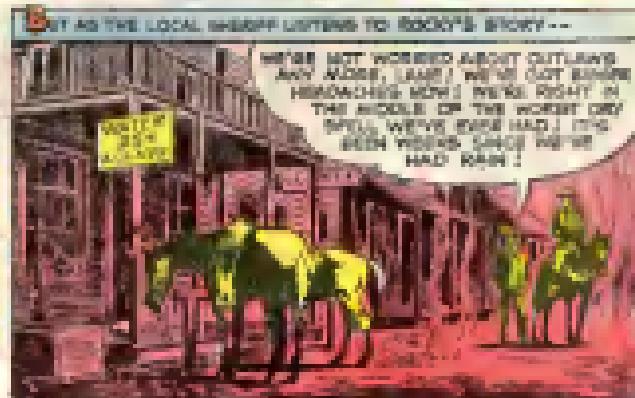
WELL, WELL, ROCKY
I SEE I'M CLEVER,
IN GADZEE! WANT
CRA FEE, DO FEE,
YEEH?

JUST JASSED A FEW
GADZEE'S, BUT I'M HAD
OF GADZEE'S, ABOUT WHY
YOU AND GADZEE HAVE
MISSEDED AND WERE FUGA YOUR
GADZEE. SAWAHEE'S, GADZEE GADZEE

YOU A GADZEE, YOKE,
GADZEE OR, GADZEE,
KOK, HERE'S YOKE
GADZEE!

ALL RIGHT, BOY!
WE'RE GOIN TO CRASH
LET'S GET HIM!





GET THE MONEY!

AND I UNDERSTAND IT. PROBABLY THE TOWN PUTS UP THE INSURANCE DOLLARS AND YOU - ONE THOUSAND?

RIGHT - IF I BEND THEM, I GET THOUSAND DOLLARS. BUT IF I'M ARRESTED THEN I'LL LOSE MY MONEY!



HELL, THAT'S FINE ENOUGH! I FOUND THE INSURANCE MONEY AND TO LOSE IT NOW, HIDE OUT IN A HOTEL. TOMORROW MORNING!

FIRE! HERE IS MY THOUSAND! NO BETTER BET SPANNED DOWN - I HAVE A LOT OF DOLLARS - GONE TO MOVE IN!



THE NEXT MORNING, ROCKY FOLLOWED THE LOCAL CITIZENS OUT OF TOWN TO WATCH THE EXPLOSION!

LOOKS AS IF HE'S SELLING OUT CARBON'S BANKS THAT

QUARRIED. SIR, WE DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO KILL IT HAS THAT WISE DOG HE'S GONE. OR I DON'T WANT TO HIRE THEM!



ALL RIGHT, PREPARED? WE'LL USE HIS INSURANCE FUND TO LET'S GO!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! WE'VE GOT THE MONEY LOOKED UP SAYING IN THE BANK BOOK!

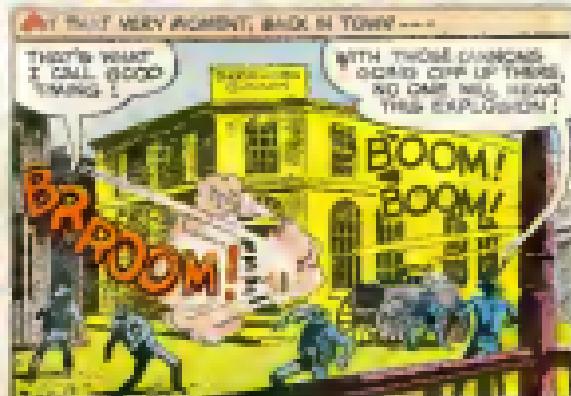
EXCELLENT! THEN IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME! I WANT THAT RAILROAD COMPANY TO PAY THE BANNOON!

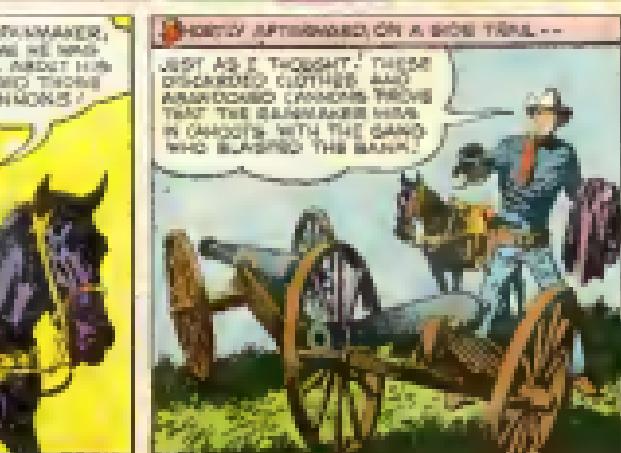
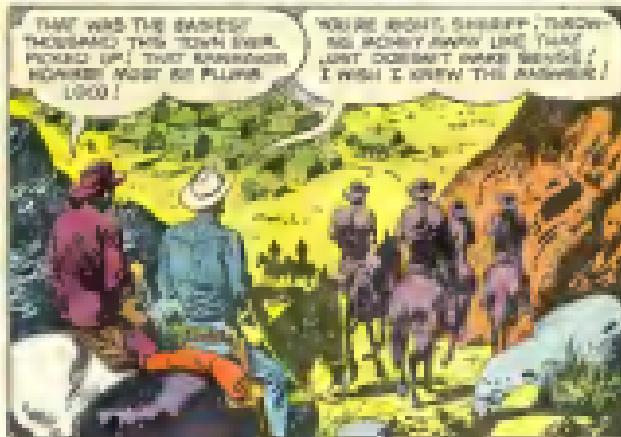


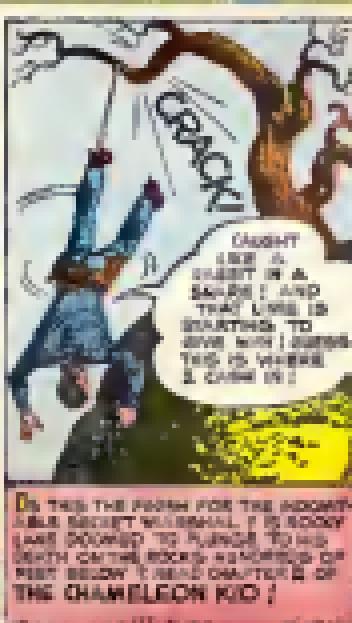
GET BACK IN DISCREETLY, GREGORY...

CRY, KID! LET'S MOVE FAST! WE'VE GOT ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO SET UP THE DYNAMITE!





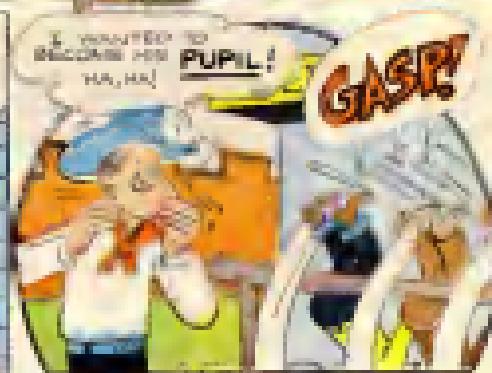
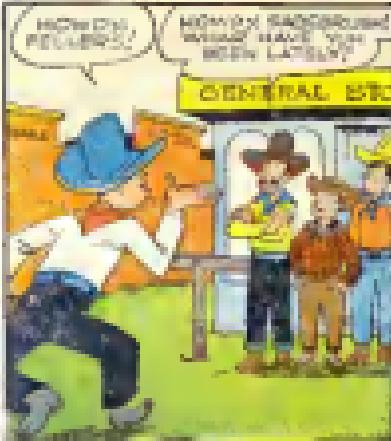




SAGE BRUSH



SEE?



SPECIAL OFFER!

YOU...
CAN GET
'ROCKY'S'



PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Send this coupon and \$3.00 for one LARGE photo of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

— print plainly —

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

ROCKY LANE WESTERN, 4234 North Bedford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. (If you want 2 LARGE pictures of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose \$6.00. Address: ROCKY LANE, 4234 North Bedford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)



ALL NEW STORIES
NOT SOLD IN STORES

SENSATIONAL OFFER! NOT 2-NOT 4-BUT WALT DISNEY 8 COMIC BOOKS

FOR ONLY
15¢

WHAT A BARGAIN!

15¢ NEVER BOUGHT SO MANY COMIC BOOKS BEFORE!

These are all Disney's finest stories to get it bound
now in paper, full color, pocket size. Walt
Disney comic books for just 15¢ each
a Wheaties box-top.

MEMORIAL DAY SET

You'll enjoy all the great Disney characters Mickey
Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto and all, along
with all the Disney Disney comic books, 15¢ each, in
paper. In "Donald Duck" pages of comedy in
color and action.

MEMORIAL DAY COMIC BOOK SET
Can you Walt Disney comic books while
you add them to a collection that all 4 sets
Clip the handy coupon and send today!

HERE'S YOUR "HURRY UP" ORDER BLANK

General Mills
Box 951
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me my Walt Disney comic books. I enclose the and
my Wheaties box-top for each set I have checked.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THIS IS SET 'A'

See Below

LAUGH, MYSTERY, ADVENTURE, TERROR
IN EVERY SET. GET ALL 4.

SET A: "Donald Duck and the
Cannibal Apes," "Mickey Mouse
Hunting Reporter," "Donald
Duck, Minnesota Detective,"
and five others.

SET B: "Mickey Mouse and
the Magic Fountain," "Li'l
Red Wolf, Flea Reporter,"
"Donald Duck, Gaucho Hunter,"
and five others.

SET C: "Donald Duck in the
Indian Country," "Li'l
Red Riding Hood, Detective,"
"Mickey Mouse and Explorer,"
and five others.

SET D: "Donald Duck in the
Indian Country," "Li'l
Red Riding Hood, Detective,"
"Mickey Mouse and Explorer,"
and five others.

8 BOOKS IN
EACH SET!

Thomas and
Thomas
and Company
and Company
and Company

32 ACTION PACKED
PAGES IN EVERY
BOOK!

WHEATIES

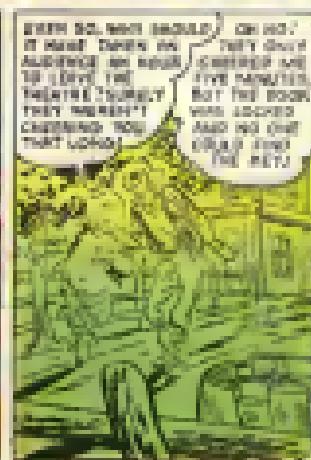
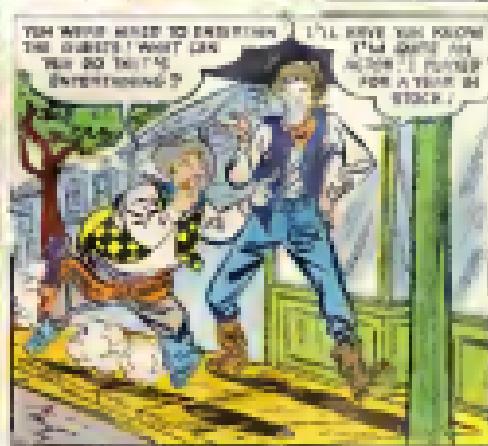
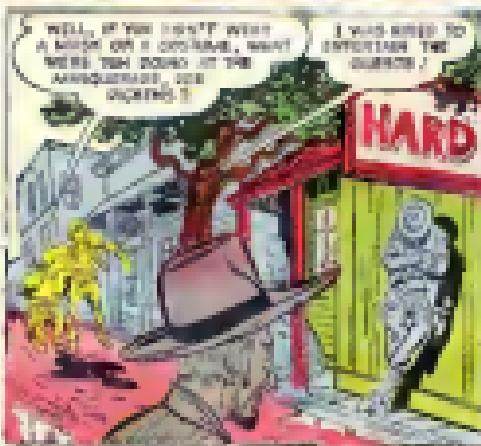
"Breakfast of Champions"

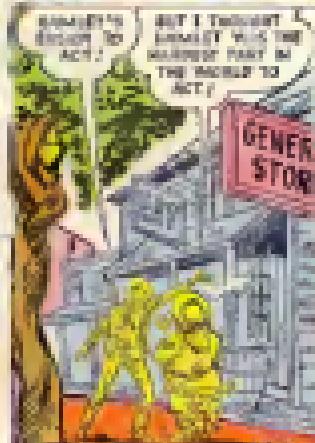
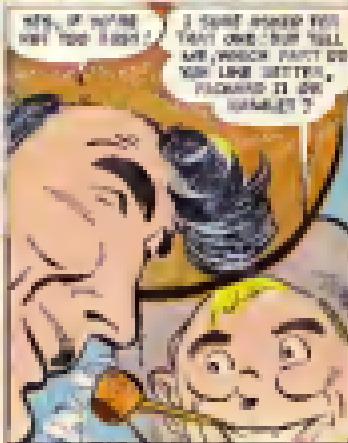


DEE DICKENS

IN







DO YOU WANT TO DINE?
YOU BE OR NOT TO BE?
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

WHAT'S THE
ANSWER?

THAT'S NOT A
QUESTION THAT HAVE
NO ANSWER?

I DON'T ASK THE QUESTION.
SHAKESPEARE DID.

THAT'S NOT DON'T.
THAT YOU DON'T. OR
SHAKESPEARE DON'T.
OR HE IS THE
ANSWER?

SHAKESPEARE'S DEAD, TOM FORD.
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT
HE'S DEAD?

NO, I DON'T.
HE'S A DEATH
IN A WEEK!

SHAKESPEARE'S DEAD.
I WAS JUST
TRYING TO
ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION.
YOU TRYING TO
SHAKE A POOL
TABLE AND, YEAH,
YOU'RE GOING
TO GET KILLED.

WELL, IF YOU'RE TRYING TO COOK AND
GET OFF MY KITCHEN, I AM NOT UNDER THE
COOKING - THE LIGHT I CAN DO FOR
YOU.

...IS WHERE YOU MAY WISH THE
COOKIN' IT'S COOKIN' THEM A
LITTLE SO LONG.



REVIEW: PETER'S STAR

REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS **Rocky Lane**

THE CHAMELEON KID

CHAPTER TWO - DODGE IN THE DARKNESS

www.ijerpi.org

TEACHES ABOUT THE
CAMPING HABITAT,
SIGHT AND SOUND
OF NATURE.

BY SWIMMING, LIKE A PELICAN,
I COULD BE ABLE TO
REACH THE TREME OF
THAT TREE.

THAT NAME CACKLES! I'LL NEED
ONE MORE THOT, BUT I DON'T
KNOW IF THAT BRANCH WILL.
HOLD IT.

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE CANYON...

LARRY'S GOT
MORE LIVES
THAN A COOT!
COMIN' ON
WITH THE
BAKED
AND
GET HIM!

RELAX, BABY!
AN' TELL THAT
CLOSE JAWIN', I
DON'T FIGHT
BY HANHIN'
WITH THE
CHAMELEON KID
A-GAIN!

BUH, BOSS!
TEN HAWKS
IN TROUBLE
THAN A COIN
OF BRECKINRIDGE
WHEN WE GOTTA
SHOOTED 'EM
HILL TRUCK
IN DOWN
HILL TRUCK
DOWN!

BLAH, DODS
HILL TRUCK
THE CHAMELEON KID
READY FOR HAM?
COMIN', OH-NO!
LET'S RIDE
OUR NEXT JOD
IN TROUBLE!

BUT ROCKY DON'T CARE
FARIN', AND BABY FINCH
HAD FOLLOWED THE TRAIL
SNUBBIN'LY!

KOOF, MOHAWK, BLACK JACK!
THEY'RE A VARIETY OF BRECKINRIDGE
MADIN' THE DAWG A DAY TILL
THEY'D BEEN TRUCKIN'
DOWN!

ROCKY HEADS OFF THE WAGON AND...

WHY, BABY I SAW THEM HONKERS!
SAY, IF YOU FOI THAT ROCKY LANE
THEY SAID WERE
TRAILIN' THEM,
THEY LEFT THEM
PERHAPS
FOR YOU!

A MESSAGE?

ROCKY
SAID
HE
CALLS
HIM
HELP
THE
CHAMELEON
KID!

IF I REMEMBER, RIGHT, THE CHAMELEON'S A
LEADER THIN' CROOKS TRYIN' TO ESCAPE
DETECTION. I BET HE PAINTED HOW
HIGH IT CAMEIN' FOR DAWG! I
THE DELL A CROOKIN'
KEPTIN' I

DR. MARVEL'S
WONDER Elixir
A CURE FOR
EVERY MARTIAL

MUCH IS
THE WAY TO
COTTONWOOD?

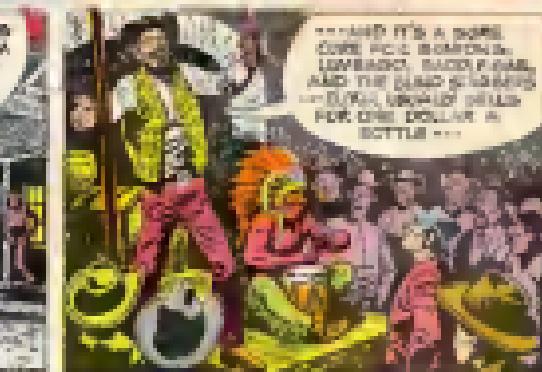
WELL, ME AND OLIER RED HAWK,
AN' FISHIN'CAT, WE'RE GANIN' TO
GET ON A RAILIN' THREIN' TONIGHT
YOU CAN FOLLOW US IN!

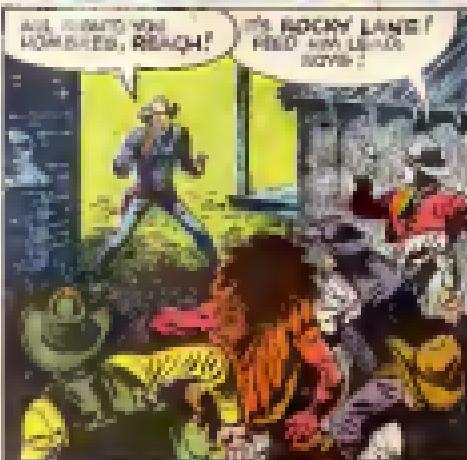
DR. MARVEL
BACK
THEY'RE

ROOKY LAKE WESTERN



MR. BLACK THERE'S NO TROUBLE! I AM HERE ENJOYING THAT MEDICINE MARY'S SPILL!





BUT A SILENT FIGURE HAS SLIPPED UP BEHIND ROOKY AND ...

THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE !

KUNK !

HEY, BOBBY ! LET'S FIGHT 'EM OFF BEFORE WE ANSWER ANY MORE TROUBLE FOR 'EM !

YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, BOBBY ! THERE'S NO NEED TO GET WORKED UP ! HE'S STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE HE CAN COMPARE THE CHAMELEON, BOBBY !

COOL, THE SWING AND SWING MAN OF FIGHT ! THE FIRST OF YOU COME, RUTHERFORD ! SWING SHOT TO KILL SWINGED ! THE DOUBLE CRED THOSE SWINGERS WILL THE KICKBACK OFF BOBBY !



NOTHING AFTER QUENCH, MR. ROOKY COMES TO ...

COMING AROUND, MR. ROKO ! MORE THAN THE REBORN HOW A REBEL RUMBLE, ROOKY !

THE RUMBLE ROOKY ! DAY I TELL YOU, ROOKY ! WHICH HAVE IN TOWN WITH THAT FAME MEDICINE ! AND HOW YOU FEEL, ROOKY, THE BART POCKETS ?

THAT'S RIGHT ! AND SHAME THEY'VE ALL LEFT THEM PAID ! IT SHOULD BE A FORTY ROOKY HOURS, I REASON AND WHILE I DON'T PAY, ROOKY !



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROCKY LANE, THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN HAVE RECOVERED GORAN COUGHERO!

AN' WHAT? I'VE GOTTA
WALLET! THEY'RE
GONE! AND WE
WERE TRICKED!
SHERIFF! I TELL
MEDICINE MAN
DODGED US!

YOU'RE BRIGHT! AND THAT LANE
HORSEMAN MUST HAVE BEEN IN
ON IT, TOO! I HEARD INTO TOWN
WITH THAT MEDICINE MAN!

HEY, SHERIFF!
THERE GOES
LANCE HEADING
UP THAT
ALLEY NOW!

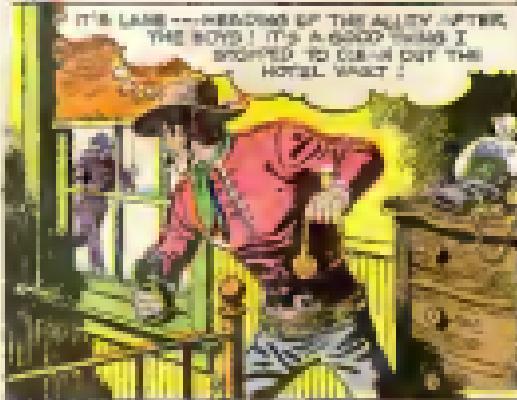
THE MEDICINE MAN GOT
AWAY, BUT HE'S GETTING
FURTHER, ROCKY LANE!



COT INSPECTED BY ALL, R.F. SAWAY, ONE OF
THE OUTLAWS, IS STILL IN TOWN!

IT'S LANE --- HEADING UP THE ALLEY AFTER
THE BOYS! IT'S A GOOD THING I
BROUGHT YOU GUNN OUT THE
HOTEL YESTERDAY!

HERE'S MY CHANCE TO KILL
THAT FUG BAGG! HE'S TOO
DANGEROUS TO HAVE AROUND
NO MATTER WHAT THE
DANGEROUS HE'S GONE!
THIS SIDE DOOR LEADS
TO THE ALLEY!



COT ISN'T HAVING THE DAY ONE GUNNING
FOR ROCKY LANE!

THREE DOWN LANE,
WELL, I TALK HIM
DOWN BEFORE
HE GETS FAR!

SHOOTING GALLERY

EEEEEYAH!



WE CAN'T HIDE,
IT'S LIKE SITTING
A TARGET IN A
SHOOTING
GALLERY!



IS THIS THE
END FOR THE
FAMOUS
ROCKY LANE?

WELL, A DULL
WORLD, SOLO
WORLD IS THE
WORLD OF
A DEPRESSED
MAN TODAY AND
HIS CAREER?

READ ON FOR
CHAPTER 12 OF
THE COMICBOOK
AND...

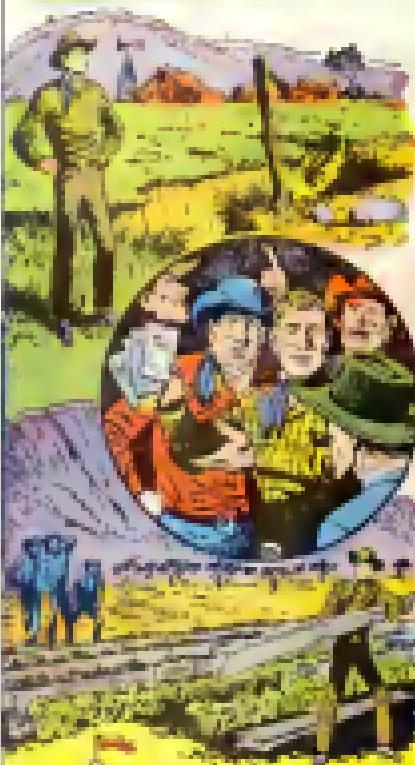


ROPPIN' N' RIDIN' With

A yellow, textured banner with the text "ALAN ROCKY LANE AND BLACK JACK" in a stylized, hand-drawn font. Below the banner, the address "4024 NORTH RIFORD AVE., NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF." is printed in a smaller, sans-serif font.

DATA, PREDICTION

"BLACK JACK AND I HAD A LITTLE TALK. IT'S
BECAUSE WE'RE JUST COMING BACK FROM THE MONTY
PAUL. AND A MIGHTY GOOD TIME WE HAD, TOO. I
WAS SOON HOPPY TO SEE YULL POINTING THEM OFF WITH
ALL THE GOLF PIECES HE DID. THERE'S A EWE, SURELY
BEHIND THAT."



THE RPP, WILL STORE IN TENTS, OVER THE OLD
PRAIRIES, PLAINS, IN PLACES, OF LAND AND THE OTHERS
PRAIRIES, SAID THEY HAD PRAIRIES, AND EVEN
WANTED FOR BUYING SOCCO STOCK, BUT WILL PREFER
TRADING THEM AT THE RPP, OR PRACTICALLY ALL
TO L. M. SAWYER HE WANTED GET THEM ANYHOW, THEN
HE WANTED THEM, OR THE OTHERS, AND HE WANTED
PRAIRIES, THEY HAD TO SENT THEM TO THE DEPARTMENT
OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE LATEST METHODS AND
CHEMICALS, OR SOIL TREATMENT, THE OTHERS, PRAIRIES
ALL HOODED IN PRAIRIES, THEY SAID THESE WERE, BUT
ONE HAD TO PAID A PRICE OF LAND AND HE DIDN'T
WANT THE LAND, HAD JUST PLAINS, NO SOCCO.

WELL, WELL, GOT THAT MATERIAL HE WANTED FROM THE GOVERNMENT AND SUGAR USED IT TRYING TO GIVE HIS LAND NEW LIFE, RESTORING THE CROPS AND CROPS AND THROU, IT NEVER ALLOWED FOR A LONG TIME, IT DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SHOW. THE OTHER PLANTERS WOULD GO OUT OF THIS WAY TO BURN DOWN WELL. THEM CAME SUGAR, HE APPLIED COKE UP WITH SOME FREE COKE. THE OTHERS CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT. WELL, SUGAR BURNED, BUT THE CROPS NEVER GROWN ... BURNED THEM ANYHOW, BUT THE OTHERS GOVERNMENT STICK TO THESE OLD METHODS OF PLANTING. TELL THEM PRACTICALLY, SUGAR, SUGAR WITH READING, EVERY PLATE AT THE PLATE, NOW PRACTICING OR LEARNING, THEY ARE GOING TO WELL, TELL THEM OF THE NEWER METHODS OF PLANTING AND SUGAR CARE.

SIR YOU SEE, PARTNERS, IF YOU'RE PREPARED
AND NOT AFRAID OF LITTLE, HEAVY, IMPROVISED ORGANIZA-
TIONS, YOU'LL FIND UP HERE A LOT OF THINGS WHICH CAN
BE USEFUL. AND YOU'LL STAND OUT IN THE HEART OF THE
COUNTRY. BUT NOW, I'MA TALK WITH YOU, AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN'-
G. I'LL TELL YOU THINGS ABOUT ALL OF YOU. YOU THIN-
KING ABOUT MONTHLY. GOOD FRIEND, PARTNERSHIP!

WEST POINT
MADE TO
SELL POSTERS

1908. Price,
Allen Gandy, Jr.
1000 BROAD ST. NEW YORK.

"TILT AND SEE PICTURE MOVE!"



FREE at no extra cost
PLASTIC
MAGIC
MOVING picture
EYE



Actual
Size



Republic Brother
in Plane



ALICE FAYE
Co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"Kiss, Kiss and
Boo-Boo"
Color by Technicolor.



American Airlines DC-4



B. T. Central R. R.
Riviera-type locomotive

SEE PICTURES MOVE! Hold the Eye between your fingers and tilt it slightly. Then you can observe planes... planes... locomotives on railroad!

NEW FUN! Attach to clothing! Wear 'em on a road! Tie 'em together to hang on wall! Bright colors!

PEP EXCLUSIVE. Only Kellogg's ever offers these Magic Moving Picture Eyes!

16 DIFFERENT PICTURES

Indyeller Peaches Bert, showing
Pomona fruits series

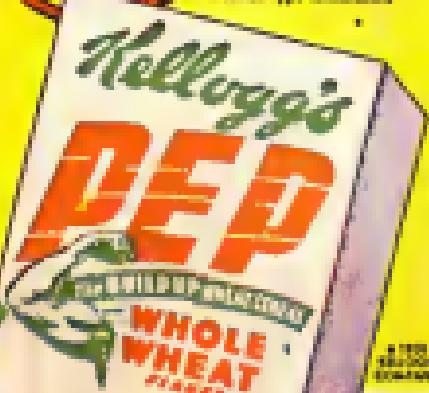
Mark Trail, hero of the great西北,
star of radio and radio

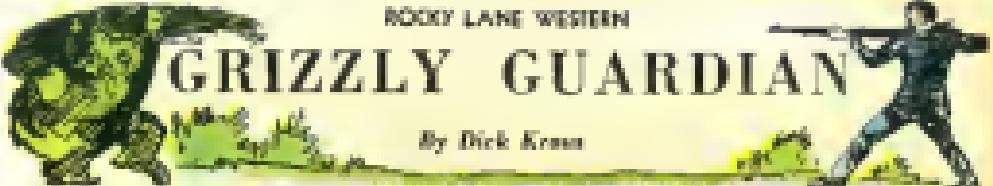
Tom Corbett the Sailor, swimming like a swimmer
Glynnis Bowles, famous with animal trainer

**COLLECT 'EM' ALL
NO MONEY! NO WAITING!**

ONE IN EVERY BOX OF

*Applies to U.S. packages only. In Canada,
see package for special offers.





GRIZZLY GUARDIAN

By Dick Kress

YOUNG TIM DUNBAR was scared. He was so scared, that the palms of his hand grew moist and slippery against the worn stock of his father's Remington.

Every forest sound became a threat that made him shiver about and over his hair rising like a passenger's quills. He had a right to be scared, for old One-Ear was a killer grizzly—a giant bear that had been slaying ranch stock for the past five years. Every attempt to trap or poison Old One-Ear, or to run him down with hounds, had failed! Cunning and vicious, the huge grizzly had coaxed his way to live in the Snow Peak mountain country—and to live at his pleasure, off the sheep and steers of the nearby ranches.

And now—at last—Tim Dunbar, son of a dead rancher, had discovered Old One-Ear's hide-out. He reached, looking at it. It was a deep, dark, evil-smelling crevice in a rock cliff-side, littered all about with gnawed bones. Before it, the youth saw the clearly-marked prints of a bear—a grizzly as large that they could only have been made by Old One-Ear! The prints were fresh, but there was no other sign of the presence of the killer beast. Evidently, he was away, on a hunting foray.

"And I've found his den," whispered Tim Dunbar to himself.

"I'll be able to tell my dad and the cowboys, and they'll set an ambush for him. Our stock will be safe at last!"

Turning away, Tim Dunbar started down the mountain slope. He would have to get help . . . and fast!

But, no sooner had he gone a quarter-mile down the slope, than he halted. His keen eyes had caught a glimpse of a pile of stones to the side of the trail he was following. They looked strange, as if they had been placed there very recently—by human hands! Quickly, he hunched over to the animal den, and started to lift the top rocks off. Reaching the ground level, he uncovered a heavy canvas packet with the letters, "P. and M." marked faintly on it.

"P. . . and M. . . ." Tim stared at them, fumbling with the packet in an attempt to open it. "Why, that must mean the Pine and Mountain Stage! They had a bad holdup down on the highway last week. I wonder . . ."

Swiftly, he tore the packet open and thrust his hand inside.

His eyes grew wide as he felt the contents of the packet, and drew them forth into the light.

"Greenbacks!" It was more money than Tim had ever seen before in his life. "The money from the stage! I reckon the outlaws had it here for a while, figuring they couldn't risk a get-away right after the robbery. But what'll I do with it now? If I try to go down to the ranch with it now, they may see me . . ."

He clutched the packet full of money to his chest, his thoughts racing. If only there was a place he could hide the money temporarily . . . a place he knew would be safe! Where could he put it? Then the idea came to him, and he started back up the mountainside.

Half an hour later, Tim hurried back down the slope toward his father's ranch. He had to fed his dad and to tell him about the new things he had discovered! Old One-Ear's den—and the loot from the recent stage holdup . . .

But suddenly, as Tim Dunbar crossed a shale-covered stretch of mountainside, he saw two men approaching, coming out from behind a huge boulder. They were big men, however, and they were heavily armed. They eyed Tim with suspicion and separated, as by mutual consent, as he came near them. Then, when he was but a few steps away, they closed in on him.

"Howdy, lad," one of them barked. "Where've you been? Hunting deer?"

"H—uh!" stammered the rancher's son, feeling the menace in the older man's voice. "I—I was h—berry picking."

"H—berry, eh?" the big stranger mocked. "You didn't see anything else, did you? Anything . . . hidden?" He kept his keen eyes on Tim's face, and he saw the boy change an-

precision. "Anything like a packet hidden under some stones?"

The boy began to flush, and he realized that his face was giving him away, under the strangers' suspicious questioning. He could not hide the truth from them! And, if they knew about the money packet they had to be the holding men. Quailily, impotently he began to bring the Remington up! They would not take him without a fight...

"Grab him!" one of the men shouted. They dove toward Tim, one man seizing the rifle in an iron grasp, and the other catching the boy by the shoulder and hurling him to the ground.

"Get up! The man said, pointing the rifle at him.

"The only talkin' is over! Now we mean business. Soon as we saw you skedaddling down out of the hills, we knew you'd spotted our cache. Now, did you leave it where it was or did you hide it?" Tim Durbar was silent. "Quack!" the man grunted, slapping the boy sharply across the face. "Where is it? Talk up!"

Flinching from the savage cutting blow, Tim realized it was no use trying to hide the truth. These cutlars would stop at nothing to recover their hidden loot. He'd have to show them where the money packet was.

"S-top," he muttered. "I'll tell you. I found the money—and I hid it. I reckoned I'd tell my dad—"

—and he'd tell the sheriff, eh?" broke in one of the cutlars. "Not by a long sight! You're taking us to it . . . now!"

Tim Durbar had to choose. Single file, he led the two buccaneers up the slope. As he walked, he could feel the rifle pointing at his back—and he felt a desperate drive to fling himself to the side, in an attempt to escape. But he knew that he could not move more than a few steps before they would gun him down. Soon the youth and the two men passed by the lowered citr, where the stage packet had been. One of the cutlars swore bitterly, but the other man quieted him.

"Keep going, lad," he said. "And hurry."

Soon, they approached the dark crevices in the cliffside that Tim Durbar had seen earlier. He pointed toward the entrance to the cave.

"There it is," he said. "Inside there."

The cutlars paused with the Remington. "Go in and get it," he muttered. "We'll wait here."

Startlingly, Tim started into the evil-smelling den. At first, he had thought it was a good idea to throw the packet in here. He had figured the men would dare come close to the lair of Old One-Ear, until his father and his men killed the giant grizzly. And then, they'd have been able to reclaim the packet. He reached out a trembling hand and touched the stones. Clutching it, he started to run, when he heard a tremendous, snarling roar! It was the fighting cry of Old One-Ear!

Crouching and looking out, he saw a terrifying sight.

The huge bear had been lurking in the under-brush, and had suddenly charged, from a short distance toward the men who had invaded his territory! In a few giant paces he reached them and lashed out at them with a teeth-and-claw attack. One of the men was immediately thrown to the ground, the rifle dashed from his grip, and then the bear lunged toward the other man.

Wide-eyed, Tim Durbar saw the Remington dropping to the ground by the cave entrance. It represented his only chance—and it was a slim one. But he had to take it . . .

Swing the rifle, shooting from a crouched position in the mouth of the cave, he aimed up at the enraged grizzly. The gun thundered like a cannon in the confined space, and slammed back against his shoulder like a sledge hammer. But he shot again and again, aiming at the grizzly's throat and head. At the last shot, Old One-Ear had shuddered. Baring his long yellowed fangs, he had turned from his other victims toward the boy. But, as he lumbered forward, bullet after bullet had shredded into him! And finally, when he was about inches from the boy, he staggered forward and fell—dead!

TIM DURBAR rose, the rifle in one hand, and the money packet in the other. Old One-Ear lay at his side—and the two cutlars were moaning on the ground, seriously wounded.

The boy shook his head slowly.

"When I started out this morning," he said, "I meant to do a little berry picking!" His shook his head. "Two cutlars and a killer grizzly add up to a lot of berries! Great Day!"

Then he started to run down to his father's ranch.

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane



2nd
THE CHAMELEON RAID
CHAPTER TWO - THE GOLD RAID

I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY ABOUT THIS. I NEVER THOUGHT THE BARBERSHOP BOBBY LANE WOULD GET UP WITH A GANG OF THIEVES! COWHOOCHES!

ARE SENTRIES...
SHERIFF, I DONA
ALWAYS BEEN SURE
MURKIN IS HAVING
FRESH AND PLEASING
QUESTIONS AFTER!

IN THE CHILL DAWN HEARD
A BULLET-SKIPPED SKY
LINE IN THE ALLEYWAY.

HEY,
SHERRIFF! THIS
AMAZING
HARRY LANE!

ANYONE
LOOKING
FOR ME?

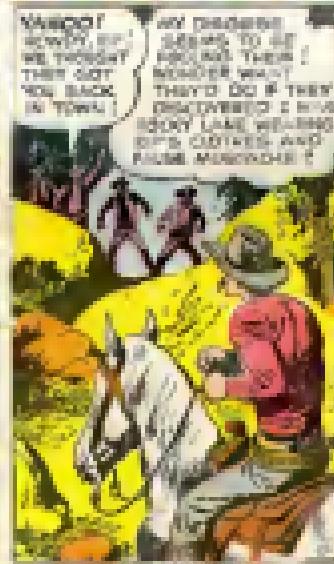
ROCKY LANE! EVERY, GUYS!
NOT TO THOUGHT— LET'S TALK
THIS OVER!

EXPLANATIONS FOLLOW BRIGHT AND

IT'S GO' SUMMVER,
ONE OF THE
GANG I BE ABOUT
HERE SPOTTED
ME, PARENTS—
CLAW UP THE
HOLLY, HUTTER,
THEIR!

HEY! I THOUGHT
I WAS DOOMED—
CAN STEP OUT
ON THAT SIDE
DOOR, JUST ONE—
FRESH AND FRESH,
ONE GUYS! HORSES
MIGHT LUCKY,
ROCKY!





NOT THIS WAY I PLUNGE TO HANDBALE.
IT'S BACKED INTO BUFFALO CREEK,
DEBARRAGED AS A PROFESSIONAL.
I'LL TELL EVERYONE I JUST MADE
A FERRING GOLD STRIKE IN
PINTO CREEK...



I KNOW HUMAN NATURE.
EVERY year in PINTO CREEK
WE BUMPSIDE FOR PINTO
CREEK...



RIGHT! THAT'S WHERE THE TOWN IS
CLEAR WE COPS, WE HAVE TO GET
OVER THE GOLD
TRAIN! IT'S AS
EASY AS THAT!
I'M NOT TO
HARD IT TOO
HOT, BUT I
DON'T CARE
TEN...



ALL RIGHT,
JAHN! HOW
THAT'S BATTED
LET'S HAVE
ROAST LUNCH!

ALREADY DINNER, PLEASE, BUT IF I
MANAGE THIS RIGHT, THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE WILL GET
SUIT A RECONSTRUCTION OF
PINTO CREEK!



THAT NIGHT, A SHADOW FIGURE HOPED
DOWN FROM THE DUSTY CLOUDS...



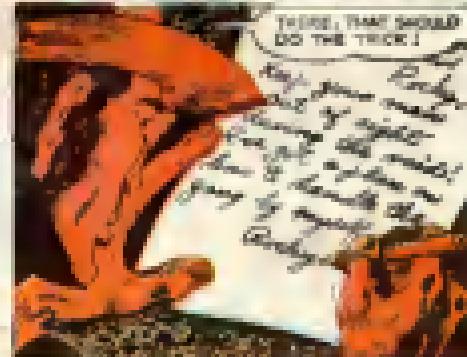
WHICH IS THE CLEVER WAY?
BUT NO BETTER, HURRAY
IF WE GOING TO GET
BUMP TO THAT GOLD-
DUST, I'LL SWORN I'M
ARMED!



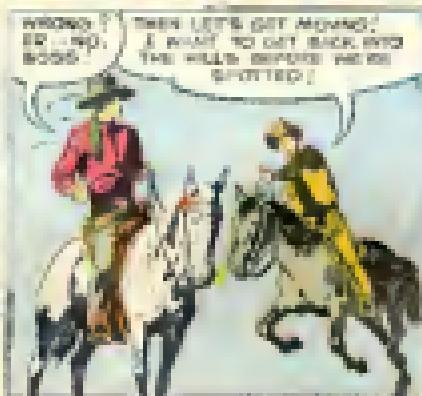
...A FEW MILES DOWN THE TRAIL...

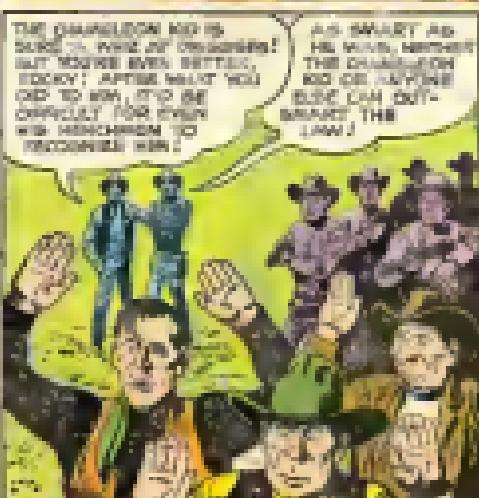
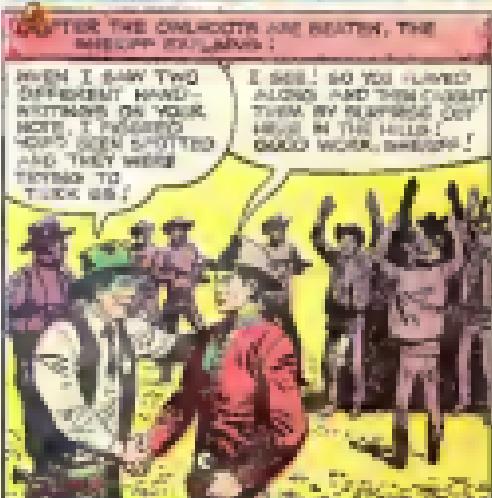
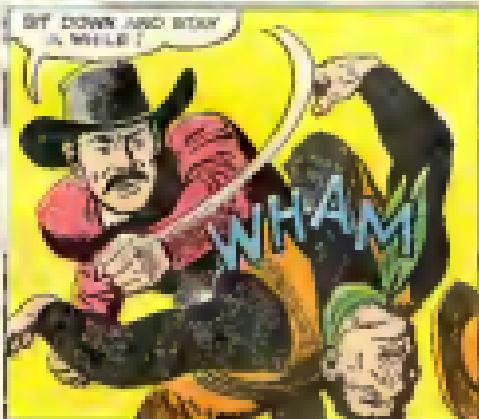
THAT'S THE
END OF THE
SCHOOL TOLD
ME ABOUT...
THE COTTON-
WOOD TREE
AT THE
POKE...





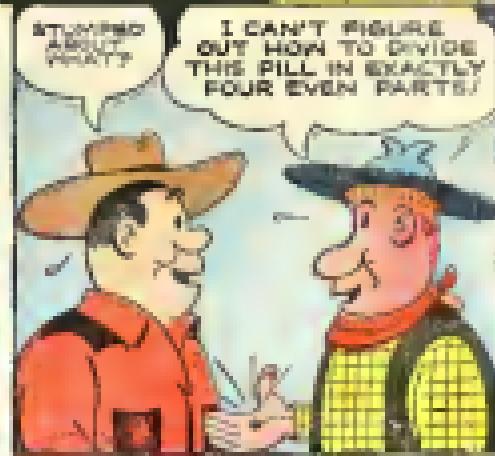






copper face

SHATTER PILL



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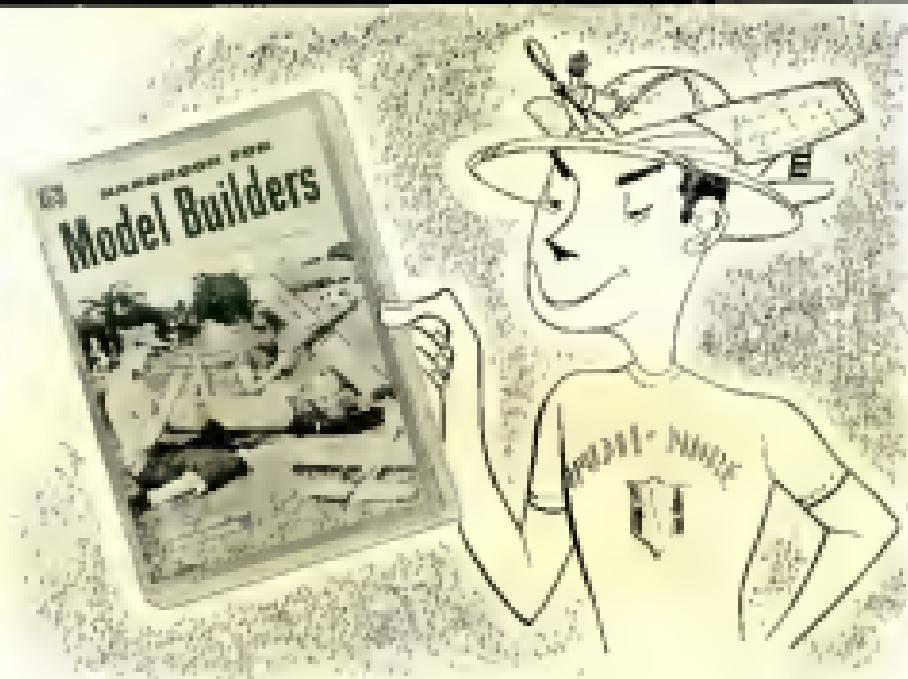
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